

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1844.

[Vol. 2, 1844.]

## THE WANDERING JEW.



DAGOBERT AND HIS LAUNDRY.

### The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

To return. Dagobert, to the astonishment of a number of beer-drinkers seated at the window of the *auberge*, was busily washing. Morok, at this moment making his appearance, advanced towards him, and looking at him attentively, said,

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"It appears, friend, that you place no confidence in the washerwomen of Mockern." Dagobert looked up, knitted his brow, and continued his avocation in silence.

Astonished at not receiving an answer, Morok added,

"You are French, my brave fellow. I am not mistaken. Those scars on your arm, and your military appearance, plainly indicate that you are an old soldier of the Empire. For a hero, your occupation is rather feminine."

Dagobert, remaining silent, bit his lips, while the velocity with which he rubbed the soap upon the handkerchief he had in one hand, plainly showed the state of his feelings.

Morok, far from being astonished, continued,

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"I am certain, my brave fellow, that you are neither deaf nor dumb; therefore, I should like to know how it is that you will not answer my question."

Dagobert, losing controul over himself, turned abruptly round, and said, in a deep, hollow tone,

"I do not know you, sir, nor do I wish to do so. Leave me." He then resumed his labour.

"A glass of wine, my good fellow, will establish our acquaintanceship. I have been at the wars as well as you; a recital of our campaigns will tend to make us friends, and cause you to be more civil."

The veins in Dagobert's bald head became swollen with rage, for he perceived, in the looks of his interlocutor, something provoking and insolent. Still he remained silent.

"Why will you not take a glass of wine with me? We shall speak of France; it is a fine country. I was a long time there. When I meet a Frenchman, I am always delighted, especially when he can handle soap as you do. If I had a house-keeper, I should certainly put her under your charge."

This taunt, in conjunction with the insolent look that accompanied it, at once told Dagobert that a serious quarrel might ensue, to avoid which, he seized his bucket, and carried it to the other end of the porch, hoping thus to terminate an affair which exercised so much of his patience.

A savage glare lit up the countenance of the beast-tamer; while the white circle that surrounded his eyeballs, dilated with apparent satisfaction. He thrust his fingers through his long beard; then, followed by a number of persons who had left the room to witness the scene, he slowly walked up to the soldier.

Dagobert, maddened at the impudence and effrontery of the man, was about to break the washing-bowl over his skull; but he thought of the orphans, and immediately became resigned.

Morok, crossing his arms on his breast, said, in a dry and insolent tone, "Assuredly this man of soap lacks all politeness." Then, turning to the spectators, he added, "I have told this Frenchman with the long moustaches that he is not civil. I think he would be none the worse for a lesson at our hands. Heaven preserve me from being quarrelsome!" he added, sanctimoniously; "I am the servant of the Lord, and do his work; therefore, to fulfil his wishes, I must demand respect."

This impudent termination pleased the audience, who had, long before the prophet's arrival, heard of his fame; besides, they were to witness his wonderful performances the following day.

The affair now began to assume a serious

aspect. Spectators, assembling from all sides, formed a circle round the two disputants.

"I said," the prophet continued, "that you were not civil; and now I tell you that you are an uncouth fellow. Have you anything to say to that?"

"Nothing," Dagobert coolly replied.

"Nothing!" retorted Morok; "but I shall be brief with you. When an honest man offers a stranger a glass of wine, that stranger ought to be taught manners who receives the kindness tendered him with rudeness."

Large drops of perspiration broke upon the forehead of Dagobert, while the bushy tuft of hair that hung from his under lip quivered convulsively. Still he subdued his rage, and taking up one of the handkerchiefs, he began to wring it, humming between his teeth the old barrack ditty:—

"From Tulemont, seat of the devil,  
To-morrow by day-break we'll set out,  
With sword in hand,  
Bidding adieu to, &c., &c."

As the latter part of the verse is rather freely worded, we suppress it.

Morok turned round to the spectators, and with a hypocritical air, said, "We are aware that the soldiers of Napoleon were pagans, who made stables of churches, and did, a hundred times a day, unsightly things in the eyes of the Lord, and who were justly slaughtered and drowned, like so many Pharaohs, at Beresina; but we did not know that the Lord, to punish these miscreants, had now deprived them of courage, which was all that they formerly possessed. Behold the man who has insulted one of God's anointed servants; he pretends not to understand that I must have an apology, or else—"

"Or else," repeated Dagobert, without looking at the prophet.

"Or else I shall have satisfaction. I told you that I had also been in the battlefield. We shall find swords here, and to-morrow, by break of day, meet me behind these ruins, and we shall see what colour our blood is—that is to say, if you have any in your veins."

The spectators, who did not expect such a tragical *denouement*, began to be afraid.

"Fight! what an idea!" cried one; "you seem envious of a wooden doublet. Are you not aware that the law here is very strict in regard to duelling? If you are only taken with arms in your hands, the burgomaster will instantly imprison you, and you will have three months of it before your trial comes on."

"You would not inform against us?" said the prophet.

"No, not we," said the burghers, "but we would advise you to profit by the friendly advice."

"I care little for prison," said the prophet; "let us have swords, and to-morrow I shall think of what the burgomaster can say or do."

"And what would you do with swords?" coolly demanded Dagobert.

"When you have one in your hand and I one in mine, you shall see how I respect the honour of the Lord."

Dagobert shrugged his shoulders, bundled up his clothes, tied them in a handkerchief; then, wiped the soap, put it carefully into a little glazed bag, and, whistling his favourite air of Tulemont, began to walk away.

The prophet, being afraid that his provocation would not take effect, contracted his eyebrows, and advancing towards Dagobert, stood erect, as if to stop him; then crossing his arms upon his breast, and measuring him from head to foot with a look of contempt, said:

"Is it so, that one of the brigand Napoleon's old soldiers is only fit to be a washerwoman, and refuses to give satisfaction?"

"Yes," Dagobert replied, with a firm voice, his face pale with rage; "yes, he refuses to fight."

The soldier, who was ever distinguished for his bravery, could not have given a more touching mark of his love for the orphans, than submitting to this insult.

"You are a mean coward, and your fear is an acknowledgment of it," added the prophet.

At these words Dagobert seemed to lose all presence of mind, and was about to give way to his passion, when a sudden thought crossed him, and he remained silent, his pale forehead covered with perspiration. The menacing and terrible look of the soldier awed the prophet and the lookers-on, who simultaneously drew back a few steps. A profound silence reigned for a short time, which was broken by one of the spectators, who said:

"That man, I'll warrant, is no coward. To refuse to fight often evinces as much courage as to accept a challenge. In fact, I think the prophet is in the wrong. This is a stranger, and if caught fighting would be subject to imprisonment."

And, added another, "He is a traveller, with two young girls, and therefore not in a position to fight for a trifle. If he were killed, or taken prisoner, what would become of the poor children?"

Dagobert turned towards the last speaker, who was a tall man, with an open and frank countenance, and holding out his hand, said, with emotion, "Thank you, sir, thank you!"

The man warmly grasped the hand extended to him, saying, "You must accept a bowl of punch. We shall force this devil of a prophet to acknowledge that he has been too hasty with you, and make him drink with us."

The tamer of beasts, annoyed at the turn which matters had taken, looked with disdain at those who had abandoned his cause; then, softening his features, deeming such advisable for the furtherance of his projects, he advanced towards the soldier, and said, with a tolerably good grace:

"Well, perhaps these gentlemen are in the right. Your strange reception hurt me, and I lost command of myself. Again I say I was wrong: humility is the command of the Lord."

This act of repentance was received with plaudits by the spectators, who strongly urged Dagobert to take a glass of wine with them.

"Thank you, thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness; you are honourable men, and know that the acceptor of a glass of wine is always expected to give one in return. Poverty is no vice; I have not the means of offering you a glass in return, therefore I cannot accept one. We have still a long way to go, and must not incur any useless expense."

These words were uttered with an unaffected air, and with so firm a tone, that the parties pressed him no further, sensible that a man of his disposition could not accept it without humiliation.

"I am sorry for it," said the tall man; "I should like to have had a glass with you. Good night, my brave soldier, it is growing late, and the landlord of the White Falcon will soon be turning us out."

"Good night, gentlemen," said Dagobert, directing his steps towards the stable, to give his horse his second and last feed for the evening.

Morok walked up to Dagobert, and said in a submissive tone—

"I acknowledged that I was wrong, I asked your pardon, but you did not answer. Have you now anything to say to me?"

"If I should ever meet you when my children no longer require me," said the veteran, in a gruff tone, "I will say two words to you, but they shall be short and to the point."

Then turning his back suddenly upon the prophet, he walked slowly out of the courtyard.

The buildings of the White Falcon formed a parallelogram; one of the extremities being the principal building, while the servants' dwelling, in which were rooms generally let out at a low price, formed the other. A vaulted passage through the building led to the open fields, and on each side of the court were coach and cart sheds, surmounted with granaries and hay-lofts. Dagobert entered one of the stables with a quantity of oats that he had prepared for his horse, put them into a small sieve, and approaching Jovial, began to shake it. To his astonishment his travelling companion

whose wont it was to paw impatiently with its fore-foot, remained motionless. By the light of a stable-lantern, he saw that the poor animal was in the greatest terror, his head in the air, his ears lying flat, his hair bristling, and convulsions agitating his whole frame.

"Well, old Jovial," said Dagobert, putting the sieve on the ground, and thinking of the insult which he had just received; "Well, Jovial, you are not usually a coward, but, like your master, you can be frightened."

The stable was very large, and was only lighted by a lantern, hanging from the ceiling, which was smothered in cobwebs. Separated from Jovial by three or four stalls, were three powerful black horses, calm and quiet, which belonged to the prophet. Dagobert was struck with the singular contrast. He caressed Jovial, who by degrees became quiet, and licked the hands of his master.

"This is the way I like to see you. Now you know me."

At this moment a tremendous roaring, that seemed to come from the stable, terrified Jovial. He broke his thong, leaped over the bar of the stall, and bounded into the court-yard.

Dagobert started at the roaring of the wild beasts, which at once accounted for the terror experienced by Jovial. A thin partition alone separated the stable from the menagerie. The prophet's horses, accustomed to these sounds, remained perfectly quiet.

"Very good," said the soldier. "I can now account for poor Jovial's fear." Then, taking up the sieve, he added, "There must be more stables here. Once installed, he will eat his corn. We shall start early in the morning."

Jovial, at the soldier's call, immediately approached his master, who, having inquired of an ostler for a vacant stable, was pointed to one for a single horse. Completely at ease, and eating his provender, Dagobert closed the stable-door, and hastened to supper, that he might return to the orphans, whom he had, to his regret, left so long alone.

#### CHAPTER V.—ROSE AND BLANCHE.

The orphans occupied a small dilapidated room in one of the most remote buildings of the *auberge*, the only window of which looked into the open fields. The furniture consisted of a small bed, a table, two chairs, and a lamp, which shed its dim light upon the two lovely faces of the sisters, and upon Rabat Joie, who was stretched at full length near the door, and who had twice growled surlily in looking at the window.

The orphans were lying in bed, chatting and laughing, for, notwithstanding their

early griefs, their naturally cheerful disposition buoyed them up. The remembrance of their mother produced no bitter feelings, but caused a soothing melancholy, which they delighted in. To them their adored mother was not dead; she was only absent for a time.

Almost as ignorant as Dagobert in religious matters (for in the desert, where they had lived, there were neither churches nor priests), they believed that God, who was just and good, favoured the poor mother who left children behind her; that she could always see them, always hear them, and often sent guardian angels to protect them.

This evening the orphans, while waiting for Dagobert, were busily occupying their little heads about a secret which caused their young hearts to beat.

"Do you think he will come to night?"

"Yes, I am sure he will, because he promised: he never breaks his word."

"Is it not a great blessing, Rose, that he loves us both at the same time?"

"He could not do otherwise, since he tells us that we have but one heart."

"What would have become of the forsaken one?"

"How difficult for him to have made a choice, we resemble each other so much."

"And to get over the difficulty," said Rose, laughingly, "he has chosen us both."

"He is to be with us at Paris; wont we be happy with him and Dagobert in that large city. I think it must be a place of gold."

"Yes, sister; a city in which everybody must be happy and good."

"Everybody will love us; and then we shall be with our dear Gabriel."

"He has never spoken to us about Paris."

"We must ask him to-night."

"But," added Rose, after a few moments' reflection, "should we not tell all to Dagobert?"

"Yes, we shall tell him everything, as we did to our dear mother."

At this moment the dog growled, fixing its eyes upon the window. Rose clung close to her sister, saying,

"There is surely something the matter. Do you hear Rabat Joie?"

Blanche put her little white hand over the side of the bed, called the dog, which approached her, keeping its eyes upon the window, and then put its large and intelligent head upon the counterpane.

"Who are you scolding, Rabat Joie?" said Rose, patting it on the head. "Poor thing, he is always restless when Dagobert is away."

"Do you not think that he is later than usual?"

"O, he will be currying Jovial."

"Poor beast, he is always happy. We

forgot to bid him good evening; but no doubt Dagobert would do it for us."

"Dagobert does everything himself, and we are so idle. I wish we were rich, then we would not allow him to do anything."

"Rich, we rich! Alas, sister, we shall always remain poor orphans."

"But the medal."

"Very true; there must be something connected with it. Dagobert, who promised to tell us all to-night, said, that had it not been for the medal, we should not have undertaken this journey."

At this moment two panes of glass were shattered to pieces, which so frightened the orphans, that they threw themselves screaming into each other's arms, while the dog, barking furiously, rushed to the window.

Pale, trembling, and holding in their breath from fear, the orphans could not muster courage to look towards the window, where Rabat Joie, his fore-paws extended, continued barking.

"O, what is the matter?" murmured the orphans; "O, where can Dagobert be?"

"Listen! listen! somebody is coming! They are not the footsteps of Dagobert. Rabat Joie, defend us!"

A heavy footstep resounded on the wooden staircase, and a singular rustling noise was heard along the thin partition that separated the two rooms, which terminated with a heavy fall that shook the door. The poor orphans, overwhelmed with terror, looked at each other in silence. The door was opened; Dagobert stood before them. The orphans kissed each other in joy, as if they had escaped from some imminent danger, and looking at Dagobert, Rose said, with a palpitating voice,

"We did not know your step, it was so heavy; and then the noise behind the partition!"

"My little cowards, did you think that I could get up the stairs, my bed upon my back, with footsteps as light as yours?"

"O, what fools we are!" Then the faces of the orphans, that had turned pale together, again resumed their bloom.

"What is the matter with Rabat Joie?" Dagobert demanded, seeing the dog at the window barking.

"We do not know. Two windows have just been broken. It was that that first frightened us."

Dagobert ran to the window, listened, then said to his dog—

"Leap out, my brave fellow, and if you see any one, seize him, and do not let go your hold till I come to your assistance."

The dog did as he was told, but came back without finding any one.

"Ah, well, my old fellow," said Dagobert, "you could see no one."

The dog barked, the negative meaning of

which seemed to be understood by the soldier, who added—

"Well, take another turn, and go into the court-yard. Search well."

Then looking at the orphans, he enquired how the windows were broken.

"It seemed to us as if a shutter had been slammed against the window."

Dagobert examined the lattice, and observing a hook intended to fasten the window in the inside, said—

"The wind is strong; probably the lattice has been closed violently by it, and the hook has broken the windows. Yes, yes, that's it. What end could anybody have in playing such a trick? Well, my children, do not be afraid; it was nothing after all. You know I have something to tell you to-night."

"We also have something to tell you, Dagobert," said Rose, "which is very important. It is a secret, a secret which affects both of us."

"Affect both of you! that I believe. Are you not, as the proverb goes, two heads under one hood?"

"I believe so," said Rose, laughing, "when you put both our heads under the hood of your great pelisse."

"You little quiz, you have always the best of it. But to your secret, my young ladies, since you have made up your mind to tell me."

"You tell it, sister," said Blanche.

"No, miss," said Dagobert; "it is your turn. You are the elder sister to-day, and the divulging of such an important secret as you speak of, falls certainly to the eldest."

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE SECRET.

"First, my good Dagobert," said Rose, "since we are going to tell you our secret, promise that you will not scold us."

"Scold you, my little dears, why scold you? Go on, I am all attention."

"Well, Dagobert, you must know that we had a visitor the last two evenings."

"A visitor," said the soldier, starting in his chair.

"Yes, Dagobert, with brown hair, and large blue eyes."

Dagobert again started, and inquired impatiently, "How it was possible for anybody to enter when he was at the door, and Rabat Joie at the window of the apartment?"

The orphans laughed heartily at Dagobert, in whose countenance the most inconceivable astonishment was depicted.

"Laugh on, my little ones," he said, with rather a sullen air. "I like to see you amusing yourselves; but you must think me an old fool for listening to your tales. You wish to make fun of me."

"What we say is true, dear Dagobert—we are getting angry with us. We will



not laugh any more, but speak to you of our friend Gabriel."

"He has a name, too."

"Yes, Dagobert. Gabriel is his name. Is it not pretty. Oh, when you see him, you will love him as we do."

"I love your Gabriel," said the soldier, shrugging his shoulders. "I must see him, and know—" then interrupting himself, he added, "Strange—that brings to my recollection the letter your father, on his return to France, brought me from my wife. She said, that poor as she was, and although she was nursing our little Agriol, who was growing very fast, that she had adopted a foundling, whose name was Gabriel, and who had the face of an angel."

"Now that you have a Gabriel, too, you must love ours."

"Yours? come—let me see him, then I shall consider."

"You know, Dagobert, that Blanche and I always sleep clasping each others' hands. Well, two nights ago, immediately on falling asleep, we had a dream—"

"A dream?" said the soldier with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes. We saw a beautiful angel with a long white robe, fair hair, and large blue eyes. We joined our hands and were going to pray, when he said, with a soft voice, that his name was Gabriel, that our mother sent him to be our guardian angel, and that he would never forsake us. Then, after stopping a short time, his eyes fixed on ours, he left us, saying that he would come back again next evening."

"And did he come back?"

"Certainly; but this time he spoke a great deal, giving us, in the name of our mother, good and pleasing advice. The next day Rose and I spent all our time in calling to our recollection every little word that our guardian angel had spoken."

"Ah! I remember, young ladies," said Dagobert. "That was the reason why you were whispering all day long, and when I asked you one thing you answered something else."

"Yes, Dagobert, we were thinking of Gabriel."

"I shall become jealous of this Gabriel of yours. But dream on, my children, your first dream has interested you, and by force of speaking of it next day, you dreamt the same a second time; indeed, it would not astonish me should your handsome night-bird make his third appearance."

"Oh, Dagobert, do not joke about our dream, for it seems to us that our mother sends this guardian angel to protect us."

"Well, well; we must now speak of other matters; the time is come when I must tell you everything."

After a few minutes' silence the veteran

said, "Your father, General Simon, was the son of an honest tradesman. He enlisted as a private soldier, became a general, and afterwards marshal of the empire."

"Our father was, then, brave; was he not, Dagobert?"

"Yes; and good, too; with such courage and strength, he could not be otherwise. Well, it is now nineteen years since the general fell dangerously wounded at the tree that I pointed out to you. I ran to his assistance, but five minutes afterwards we were taken prisoners by a Frenchman; yes, a renegade, a colonel in the Russian service. When this marquis said, in advancing towards your father, 'Surrender, sir, to a countryman,' your father replied, 'A Frenchman who fights against France, is no longer a countryman of mine; he is a traitor, and to him I shall never yield,' then wounded and bleeding as he was, he crawled towards a Russian grenadier, saying 'I yield myself up to you, my brave fellow.' The marquis became pale with rage."

The orphans looked at each other with pride; their cheeks became flushed, and they cried, "Oh, brave father, brave father."

"Ah, my children," Dagobert said, "I can easily see that you have a soldier's blood in your veins." He then continued: "The general's horse was killed under him, and I gave him Jovial, who had not been wounded that day. We arrived at Warsaw, where your father became acquainted with your mother, who was called the Pearl of Warsaw. Your father, who admired everything that was good and lovely, became enamoured of her, and she in her turn loved him; but her parents had promised her to another, and that other—"

At that moment Rose gave a piercing scream, and shuddering, pointed to the window.

(To be continued.)

## ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XVII.—ANONYMOUS WRITERS.

The severity with which the law of libel was put in force, to which I have already adverted, rendered many writers shy of affixing their names to their productions. The stringent measures adopted towards Samson Perry, the editor of the "Argus," sufficiently betrayed the disposition of the reigning powers to punish such free-writers as publicly avowed their works; but in two instances, both occurrences towards the close of the century, the government was seriously baffled by the strict incognito preserved by two inveterate enemies, who, under assumed appellations, "Junius" and "Peter Pindar," sent forth such shafts of profound reasoning and acute satire as drew

upon them the virulent hostility of the ministry, and would have subjected them to the heaviest pains and penalties, could they have been detected. But it is scarcely just to unite the names of "Junius" and "Peter Pindar;" the former was the shrewd political economist, deep in legal knowledge and bold in expression; the latter was the disappointed placeman, often frivolous and objectionable—witty and satirical at best. "Junius" preserved his mystery against the most searching inquiry, and took precautions to maintain its secrecy even after death. "Pindar" was discovered to be Dr. Walcott, and while he was still living, his authorship of the famous essays, if not actually avowed by himself, was at least sufficiently notorious. "Junius" attacked the acts and errors of the government with argument for his weapon; satire was the shaft which "Pindar" directed against the government itself, and more especially against the sovereign George the Third. But, yet, widely differing as they did in these respects, the names of "Junius" and "Peter Pindar" must be, in some degree, classed as the most popular and the most powerful anonymous political writers of the eighteenth century.

Though not from the same fear of prosecution, Addison and Steele, in the early part of the century chose to conceal their real names in conducting their celebrated magazines, the "Tatler" and the "Guardian," appearing in the former as "Isaac Bickerstaff," and in the latter as "Nestor Ironside." Their motives for this concealment it is not easy to define, as the productions to which these assumed appellations were attached contained nothing that could be tortured by the keenest attorney-general into libel or sedition. Yet, not only during the progress of their publication, but for years after the works were completed, the "Tatler" was put forth as the production of "Isaac Bickerstaff," and the "Guardian" as that of "Nestor Ironside."

Twenty years later, Edward Cave, the editor and founder of the "Gentleman's Magazine," assumed the name of "Sylvanus Urban," an appellation which continued to be affixed to the title-page of that periodical long after Cave's decease.

And, now, once more returning to the spot whence I started—"Junius" and "Peter Pindar" again appear upon the stage. Many have been the shrewd guesses relative to the identity of the former writer. Some have supposed it was Mr. Grattan, whilst others were "quite certain" it was Sir Philip Francis. In short, the famous "letters" were attributed indiscriminately to every politician of the day, without distinction of party or opinion, and a member of the government was, for lack of a better, occasionally suspected of being the writer

of the very works which so severely attacked the measures of government. But every conjecture terminated in uncertainty. Woodfall was the publisher of the letters, but, like "a good man and true," he never divulged the secret of his author, even if he had been himself entrusted with it; and who that author was is as uncertain and undecided now as when his strong language and free remarks first called forth the anger of the government.

Somewhat different was the case of "Peter Pindar." Instead of exciting serious consideration, his satirical genius turned everything into ridicule, and provoked a hearty laugh at the government's expense, but nothing more; and the king whom he had lampooned, and the ministry which he had caricatured, scarcely considered it worth their while, or consistent with their dignity, to enquire into his history. The comparative insignificance of his attacks, rather than the disguise which he had assumed, preserved him from prosecution.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The last of the public resorts of the eighteenth century has lately closed for ever, and Vauxhall, or (as it was called in the days of the "Spectator") Spring Garden, is no more! Yet it has only followed the example of the Ranelagh, Marylebone Gardens, and Bagnigge Wells; all of which, once so crowded by "people of quality," and the world of fashion, gradually declined, now becoming the resorts of the lower classes only, at last forming the site of modern buildings. Yes, Cupar's Gardens, the Ranelagh, and the "Marylebones," are now covered with houses; their glory, like the coloured lamps that illumined their romantic avenues, is extinguished; the melodies of Ashton and Nicolini have ceased to echo through their shady groves; their theatres are demolished, their boxes and rural seats removed; their trees cut down, and gloomy streets and rows of dingy houses have usurped their place. "And what were the amusements which attracted such crowds to these resorts?" some reader will inquire who dates his birth in the nineteenth century, "what were the amusements furnished at these Ranelaghs and Marylebones for the visitors' entertainment?" The principal objects of the fashionable attendants were to see and to be seen—to promenade from ten at night till two in the morning along the "genteel walks," to criticise friend Tom's wig, or Jack Brown's coat—to gaze at the company—hear a few staves of some signor's song, and wind up the evening with an assignation. But "vulgar people"—to wit, country visitors and London tradesmen—who were desirous of having the full worth of their shillings and half-crowns, were waiting at

the gates an hour before the time of opening, listened to the music, and rapturously encoored every song, gazed at the water-works and laughed loudly at the fireworks, traversed the gardens from end to end, and then, unlike their more fashionable companions, instead of repairing to a box to sip sour wine and demolish meagre sandwiches, quitted the gardens no sooner than they were obliged, and adjourned to the neighbouring taverns to discuss a hearty supper.

Then there were the theatres in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and, towards the latter part of the century, Foote's and Colman's "little summer theatre in the Haymarket." But the charges for admission were high, and these resorts were frequented only by the more wealthy classes. Yet, what a rush there was when the entrance doors were opened—and what a harvest for the pickpockets!

These places of public amusement were also, as they always will be to some extent, the resorts of loose characters of both sexes, who were enabled to pursue their improper practices, and make them a species of exchange for the transaction of their business. The ladies of this character openly frequented the theatres and public gardens, and usually wore masks for the purpose of being at once concealed and easily distinguished. And so great a distinction was the reputation of being a wanton at one time considered, that, we are told in a note to the "Spectator," on the first evening of a new play, virtuous women visited the theatre in masks as the characteristic mark of their being ladies of pleasure! *proh pudor!*

But there were other places of fashionable resort—the springs and wells of the metropolis. Of these, Islington Spa, Bag-nigge Wells, and St. Chad's Well, were the most popular; and to these now slighted spots the quality of the eighteenth century were wont to repair, to "drink the waters," and to pass away the time.

But, amid all the provisions for the entertainment of the wealthy, the lower classes were not forgotten. For those who could not afford the luxuries of Vauxhall, or Islington Spa, there were Copenhagen House, Peerless Pool, Hornsey Wood House—all in the neighbourhood of Islington—Cupar's Gardens, where the church in Waterloo Road is now seen, and the Dog and Duck, on the site of New Bedlam; where the poorer citizens might ramble in the green lanes after the business of the day, or sit upon the rustic benches, and enjoy a comfortable glass of "purl," or "twopenny," with a rural prospect of grassy fields before them. Aye, reader, the printer has made no error—I said fields, for London did not then extend to Islington and Camberwell,

and the merry suburban villages were divided from the great metropolis by green fields and verdant plains. But how everything is changed; the green lanes and budding hedges are converted into paved streets lined with towering houses. Copenhagen House and Peerless Pool—where are they now? And where their former visitors—the lower classes? Alas! they are dissipating their little money at the gin-shops, or imbibing vice with their liquor at the penny theatres and "saloon" concerts! How different from the happy, jovial, but harmless, amusements of their grandfathers—how changed the scenes! how changed the men!

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

## HISTORY OF ROME,

BY PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

### CHAPTER I.—THE FOUNDATION.

Historians are not agreed as to the origin of the name of Rome. Some will have it that a band of Pelasgian troubadours having roamed all over Europe, arrived with their hurgy-gurdies at the Palatine Hill, and there laid the foundation of the Roman, *quasi*, roaming people. Another set of veracious romancers affirm, that when Troy was taken, certain Trojans who escaped fled to Italy, and came to an anchor in the river Tiber. That some of them having landed, had a white-bait jollification on shore, and returning to the fleet, humourously set it on fire; whence being obliged, like clipped pigeons, to remain where they were, they amused themselves with building a city, on which they appropriately bestowed the name of their patron saint or spirit—Rum.\*

Others, but this is too absurd to gain credence, have stated that Rome or Roma was so called after a female of that name, the wife of the colonising chief.

Some writers explain the matter by attributing the origin of Rome to the circumstance that the rate-payers of Lavinium and other parishes of Latium, complaining of a surplus population, sought room for it on the Palatine: and commemorated the event by bestowing the name of Room or Rome upon the settlement.

The more received account (A. M. 2294) is found in the veritable History of Æneas, the pious vagabond, written by Publius Virgil, Esq. Æneas came to Italy a widower, and there married the lovely young Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, king of the Latins; and after piously slaughtering Tur-

\* Vide Plutarch's "Life of Romulus." Edit. in usum PUNCHII.



nus and Lausus, and several other unnecessary persons, was himself killed by the infidel Mezentius, Laurus' father, who had the impertinence thus to revenge his son's death upon the pious hero.

It is further related that the fourteenth king, in a direct line from Æneas, left to his two sons, Messrs. Numitor and Amulius, to the one all his land, and to the other all his floating capital, which it is very evident was even a more absurd and wanton division than if he had left the one all his beef, and the other all his mustard. The natural consequence, to use the words of Ricardo, was utterly to destroy the equilibrium of these two elements of production: and the man of money, Amulius, soon sent the landed representative of interest, Numitor, to the right about, having hooked him into a mortgage which he contrived to foreclose. Not content with this, he dispatched his two nephews; and sent Rhea Sylvia, his only niece, to a nunnery, in order to prevent any chance of heirs in that quarter: but, unfortunately for his plans, Miss Sylvia eloped with an officer of the guards. Masters Romulus and Remus, the offspring of this elopement, were discovered by their cruel grand-uncle, who ordered them forthwith to be drowned; but a kind old country lady, of the name of Mrs. Wolfe, happened to be strolling along the Tiber at the very time, and rescued them; and handed them over to the care of the king's herdsman and his wife to be nursed.

As the twins grew up they became very wild fellows; and Remus being at length apprehended for poaching on Amulius' preserves, was rescued by his brother and other shepherds, who fell upon the king, and killed him; and Numitor, who had been deposed for forty-two years, recognised his grandsons by a mole under each of their noses, and was restored to the throne.

At this time there was a great rage for colonising, and Numitor's grandsons being bitten by the mania, determined to found a settlement among the hills where they had been brought up. A preliminary expedition to choose and survey a proper site was soon prepared. In order to determine which of the brothers should be named the principal agent at the new settlement, it was agreed, on the recommendation of the augurs, that they should walk up one of the streets of Lavinium (their grandfather's capital, built by Æneas), one upon one side, and the other upon the other, and whoever should happen to see the greater number of cats on the side opposite to that on which he walked was to receive the appointment. Romulus, who was a very knowing fellow, chose the shady side of the walk, and saw a dozen basking in the

sun. Remus saw only two; but insisted that he had seen them *first*, and held that he was entitled to be appointed. A quarrel ensued; Remus, at last, jumping upon the plan of the new settlement, wished Romulus joy of his humbug city, and promised that he should soon have one of his own, which he would make the capital of all Italy; and so saying, took his departure in high dudgeon. Plutarch will have it that he was despatched by Romulus, but Plutarch, with all respect, is rather too fond of slaying his *dramatis personæ*. If he was despatched, it was only out of the town, and in double quick time.

Romulus, being now sole commander, set about the allocation of the lands. The town, which he called Rome, he laid out in six hundred and forty sections, of one acre each, making up one square mile; and the suburban sections extended over about eight square miles to the hills in the background. As the town and suburban allotments were bounded by a hilly semicircle, it was resolved to choose the rural lands at some distance, and morayers were despatched to make the requisite tour of discovery. In the meantime, it was no easy matter to people even the foreground; and runaway convicts and sailors from Alba, Longa, and other places, were invited to join the young adventurers.

Thus was founded Rome, the mistress and schoolmistress of the world.

#### Questions for Examination.

1. Are historians agreed about the origin of the name of Rome?
2. What it derived from *roaming*? from *rum*? from *room*? from Romulus?
3. Did Æneas marry the lovely young Lavinia?
4. Did he slay Turnus and Mezentius? Or did Mezentius slay him?
5. Who were Numitor and Amulius?
6. If Romulus' father was Numitor's son, what relation was Romulus to Numitor?
7. Who was Mrs. Wolfe?
8. What sort of a person was Remus?
9. Was he Romulus' brother?
10. How did they determine which was to be king?
11. Are we to believe everything that Plutarch tells us? or Mr. Babbington McAulay?
12. Were the first inhabitants of Rome very respectable people?

#### EDMUND BURKE AND HIS PENSION.

The Correspondence of Burke, edited by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Burke, furnish us with some particulars under which Burke received the pension of £300 per annum, during the vice-royalty of Lord

Halifax. They are interesting, not only with regard to politics, but in a literary point of view. To Mr. Secretary Hamilton, Burke wrote, in 1763, claiming that the whole of his time should not be regarded as given up for his annual allowance. "You may recollect," he says, "when you did me the honour to take me as a companion in your studies, you found me with the little work we spoke of last Tuesday, as a sort of rent charge on my thoughts. I informed you of this, and you acquiesced in it. You are now so generous (and it is but strict justice to allow, that upon all occasions you have been so), to offer to free me from this burthen. But, in fact, though I am extremely desirous of deferring the accomplishment, I have no notion of entirely suppressing that work; and this upon two principles, not solely confined to that work, but which extend much farther, and indeed to the plan of my whole life. Whatever advantages I have acquired, and even that advantage which I must reckon as the greatest and most pleasing of them, have been owing to some small degree of literary reputation. It will be hard to persuade me that any farther services which your kindness may propose for me, or any in which my friends may wish to cooperate with you, will not be greatly facilitated by doing something to cultivate and keep alive the same reputation. I am fully sensible, that this reputation may be at least as much hazarded, as forwarded, by new publications. But because a certain oblivion is the consequence, to writers of my inferior class, of an entire neglect of publication, I consider it such a risk as sometimes must be run. For this purpose, some short time, at convenient intervals, and especially at the dead time of the year, will be requisite to study, and consult proper books. These times, as you very well know, cannot be easily defined; nor indeed is it necessary they should. The matter may be very easily settled by a good understanding between ourselves; and by a discreet liberty, which I think you would not wish to restrain, nor I to abuse. I am not so unreasonable, nor absurd enough, to think I have any title to so considerable a share in your interest as I have had, and hope still to have, without any or but an insignificant return on my side; especially as I am conscious that my best and most continued endeavours are of no very great value. I know that your business ought, on all occasions, to have the preference; to be the first and the last, and, indeed, in all respects, the main concern. All I contend for is, that I may not be considered as absolutely excluded from all other thoughts, in their proper time, and due subordination; the fixing the times for them to be left entirely to yourself."

The matter which he thought could be "so very easily settled by a good understanding," was soon arranged, but the "good understanding" did not last long. Hamilton wished to secure Burke from changing his positions. To this the latter would not consent. He expostulated with the secretary. "What is that unkindness and misbehaviour," he asked, "of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed, as a proof of friendship and gratitude, in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure. What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand, or refusal, the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful."

Hamilton's answer may be taken as a model for repulsive letter-writing.

"Dear Sir,—As you thought it polite to answer my letter, I conclude you would think it impolite if I did not at least acknowledge yours. I have only to say, that I have thought as coolly as I can, and what is more, as I wish to think, upon a subject on which I am so much hurt. I approve entirely of your idea, that we should not write, in order to avoid altercation; and, for the same reason, I am of opinion we should not converse. Yours, &c."

Burke's pension ceased in 1765. Of Hamilton he writes, that "he could never comprehend, even in theory, what friendship or affection was; being, as far as I was capable of observing, totally destitute of either friendship or enmity, but rather inclined to respect those who treat him ill."

The trait is sufficiently common-place. The mean and the ungrateful are awake to fear, and fear disposes them to conciliate those, who having outraged them once, have proved they know how to wound. His obligations to the secretary, Burke summed up in these words:

"Six of the best years of my life he took me from every pursuit of literary reputation, or of improvement of my fortune. In that time he made his own fortune (a very great one), and he has also taken to himself the very little one which I had made. In all this time, you may easily conceive how much I felt at seeing myself left behind by almost all my contemporaries."

## POETRY:

## WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT SHOULD BE.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, was the assertion of an ancient writer, and although I cannot agree in the notion of *innate* or *ready made* talent, yet I think that it is as well, and even desirable, that poets should foster the notion that their aptitude for poetising is a gift *specialty* bestowed on them by the Deity, and, therefore, demanding their particular care in employing it for high and noble purposes, and never consenting to prostitute it to please the vitiated and unambitious portion of the community. Yes: let the poet regard his power of verse-making as a gift, and let him ever deem it a part of his earthly mission to display its attractive and persuasive charms in ways best calculated to elevate and ennoble the mind of man, so as to elicit the tender sympathy and gratitude of the heart, and to awaken the soul to a consciousness of its independent existence, its spirituality, immortality, and future destiny. The poet who discharges this, which I think is his proper mission, is not only a charmer of the intellectual sense, but a friendly monitor intercepting the career of vicious thoughts and deeds, and substituting what is virtuous instead of them.

Some persons think that amusement is the sole object of poetry, and that all a poet has to do, is simply to skip lightly over the surface of things, just as Vanessa would run over the corn, without touching it; but that is not poetry which does not present a powerful inducement to our taking an interest in studying the nature of ourselves and of the various other objects of creation, and which fails, by some beauty of its own, to make a greater impression on our minds than any prose can effect; thus forcibly conveying to us a sense of what is good to be known. Unfortunately, however, the mass of poets seem to think they have only to write pretty elegant trifles about nothing, and overflowing with emptiness. For my part, I cannot help thinking that that poet only deserves the laurel crown who has written things that are really worthy of occupying a man's precious time in the reading and learning of them. How often have I closed, with disgust, volume after volume of poetry, all very sweet and smooth, but void of any virtuous durability. This is not the case when the poet resolves to speak like a prophet to the eager soul, and like a sage to the enquiring mind. To perform its office well, poetry requires that its master should nurture it with profound and varied knowledge, without which it is but an unsubstantial fabric, a transparency of words. It is the fault of nearly all our modern poetry that it is so exceedingly deficient in

novelty of subject, and in knowledge relative to the subject. If all the poems written on the rose, or the violet, or something else equally persecuted by the poetical pen, were collected together, they would afford waste-paper enough to supply all the trunk-makers and cheesemongers to the end of the year, and out of the enormous heap very little would deserve preservation, for not one poem in a thousand of that sort contains anything instructive, descriptive, or of general interest; and if all the verses on either of the same horribly hackneyed subjects were collected from all the albums in which they are mercifully permitted to remain, then there would be enough material to pave our cities with *papier-maché*. What have poets discovered in roses beyond thorns that wound, buds that blush, and blossoms that droop and fade? Nature ought to find poets better capable of doing for her in verse, what naturalists have done for her in prose. Poets profess to love and admire her, yet there is not one of them that can write of her without showing great ignorance. Is there one that has been styled a "poet of nature," that can stand the criticism of naturalists without their detecting some fifty imperfections and errors? Turn to poems on human history, and the same shallowness is observable, though to a less degree. What are most of the innumerable poems on monarchs, warriors, statesmen, &c., but mere panegyric, and fawning adulation. A poet should do something more than merely name a thing and flatter it. Why should he be content to set up a rose to garnish it with pretty epithets, and why be satisfied with naming a hero only to applaud him? Is it not better first of all to rehearse the deeds or qualities that merit praise? Alas! before poets can tell us these things they must acquire knowledge, and that is a task for which the mass of them seem to want both the disposition and the energy. At present poetry seems to be a matter of language and metre, and very little else. One solitary idea or trivial fact is all that is to be found, sometimes, in a whole poem, in which it appears as forlorn and diluted as a grain of physic dissolved or drowned in a homoeopathic bucket of water. Still we are expected to take the one thing for poetry, and the other for medicine; and certainly a man shows rare acuteness and keen perception or taste if he can say he enjoys either. What are now-a-days called poems are produced so easily, and by all classes, learned or unlearned, that we may fairly say with Ben Jonson—

"It is a rhyming age and verses swarm  
At every stall; the city-cap's a charm."

or with another poet—

"Tis now the effort of each brain  
To scribble in poetic vein—  
Or prose run mad;

Giving to any muse the rein,  
Writing with all their might and main  
However bad."

Indeed a man who never attempted to compose something intended to pass for a poem, would be a curiosity, and richly merit a laurel wreath by the modest diffidence he entertained of his own capabilities.

J. H. F.

### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF GAINSBOROUGH.



*Arms.*—Or, fretté gules; a canton ermine.

*Crest.*—A buck at gaze, attired or.

*Supporters.*—On either side an eagle with wings—displayed table—charged on the breast with a chaplet of laurel.

*Motto.*—*Tout bien ou Rien.* "All or Nothing."

The family of Middleton, now the maternal name of the Barons of Barham, collaterally descended from the Earls of Middleton, is found in the peerage of Scotland. It is in reference to an alliance with a co-heiress of the Earls of Gainsborough, that the ancient family name of Noel has been assumed. John Middleton of Middleton, county of Kincardine, exchanged Middleton and other lands with David Falconer, for those of Nethersent, of Kilhil, and was living in 1565. His son and heir of the same name, John Middleton, we read little of, but his second son Robert, married Katherine Strachan, by whom he had issue, John, first Earl of Middleton. He was in the Parliamentary army in 1646, and raised the siege of Inverness, and forced Montrose to retreat with considerable loss. Shortly after, we find him in the royal army, at Preston in 1648, and at Worcester 1641, at both of which battles he was taken prisoner, but escaped. He was created by Charles II, while abroad, in 1656, Baron Clermont and Fettercairn, and Earl of Middleton, and at the Restoration, enjoyed extensive power as Lord High Commissioner to the Parlia-

ment of Scotland, which, however, terminated in 1663, when, as an honorable, or rather a tolerable exile, he became Governor of Tangiers in Africa, where he died in 1673.

Charles, second Earl of Middleton, son and heir, was Secretary of State for Scotland, 1582, and for England, 1684, which office he held till 1688, when he joined King James II, in France, and was outlawed 1694, and forfeited 1695. "He was proof," says Mackay, "against all the offers of King William, and firmly stood in the gap to stop the torrent of the priests, who were driving King James to his ruin. He used to say, that "a new light never came into the house but by a crack in the tiling." He had issue; John, Lord Clermont, who with his brother Charles, was taken at sea by Admiral Byng, 1708, on their way with troops for the invasion of Scotland. They were imprisoned in the Tower, but released, and returned to France, since which no account of the family has been received.

Mr. Robert Middleton was murdered by Montrose's soldiers, while sitting in his chair, when they overran the country in 1645.

Alexander Middleton, D.D., second son, Principal of King's College, married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Gordon, of Kethoksmill. He died Dec. 1686.

George Middleton, D.D., son and heir, succeeded his father as Principal of King's College, Aberdeen. He married Jane, daughter of James Gordon, of Leaton, county Aberdeen, and died at 62; May 1726.

Robert Middleton, Esq., a younger son, married Helen, daughter of Capt. Charles Dundas, R.N., of Seathern, county Stirling, second son of James Dundas, of Arnistown, and had issue

George, of Moss Hall, West Lothian, succeeded his maternal uncle, James Dundas, in the estate of Seathern, and died 1794, having married Elizabeth, daughter of George Wilson, of Stottencleugh, Esq., and had issue

Robert Gambier, Capt., R.N., and Charles, created Baron Barham, besides one other son and two daughters.

Charles, first Baron Barham, of Barham Court and Teston, was born in 1727, married Margaret, daughter of James Gambier, Esq., Warden of the Fleet, and sister of James, Lord Gambier, and by her had issue an only daughter

Diana, second in the barony. His lordship entered the navy, 1740, was

made lieutenant 1745, captain 1758, created a baronet, with remainder to his son-in-law 1781, promoted to a flag 1787, admiral of the red 1805, and constituted First Lord of the Admiralty, May, 1806, in which office he continued the nine remaining months of the Pitt administration, a period embracing naval victories in greater number and importance than any other of the like duration in the annals of Great Britain. He was raised to the peerage 1805, with remainder to his daughter, and died, 17 June, 1813.

Diana, Baroness Barham, daughter and heiress, married, 1780, Gerard Noel Enwardes, of Exton Park, Cottesmore, Kitton and Catmore Lodge, all in the county of Rutland, son and heir of Gerard-Anne Edwardes of Welham, county Leicester, and of Tickenoste, county Rutland, Esq., by Jane, sister and co-heir of Henry Noel, sixth and last Earl of Gainsborough, who took the arms and name of Noel only in 1798, on the death of his maternal uncle, to whose estates he succeeded, as also to the baronetcy, on the demise of his father-in-law Lord Barham. They had issue

Gerard Thomas, who succeeded to the title, Louisa Elizabeth, Emma, William, Frederick, Charlotte Margaret, Francis James, Berkeley Octavius, Augusta Julia, Leland Noel, and Baptist Wriothesley, in holy orders.

Sir Gerard Noel married, 2nd, May, 1823, Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Gill, and 3rd, Aug. 1831, Mrs. Isabella Evans Raymond. Lady Barham, died 12, April, 1832, and was succeeded by her son

Charles Noel, third and present baron.

#### ETIQUETTE AT THE COURT OF KING MONTEZUMA.

Hernal Diaz gives the following description of Montezuma, or Moteucuma, as he calls him. We copy it from Mr. Lockhart's translation;—

"The mighty Moteucuma may have been about this time in the fortieth year of his age. He was tall of stature, of slender make, and rather thin, but the symmetry of his body was beautiful. His complexion was not very brown, merely approaching to that of the inhabitants in general. The hair of his head was not very long, excepting where it hung thickly down over his ears, which were quite hidden by it. His black beard, though thin, looked handsome. His countenance was rather of an elongated form, but cheerful; and his fine eyes had

the expression of love or severity, at the proper moments. He was particularly clean in his person, and took a bath every evening. Besides a number of concubines, who were all daughters of persons of rank and quality, he had two lawful wives of royal extraction, whom, however, he visited secretly, without any one daring to observe it, save his most confidential servants. He was perfectly innocent of any unnatural crimes. The dress he had on one day was not worn again until four days had elapsed. In the halls adjoining his own private apartments there was always a guard of 2,000 men of quality in waiting: with whom, however, he never held any conversation, unless to give them orders or to receive some intelligence from them. Whenever for this purpose they entered his apartment, they had first to take off their rich costumes and put on meaner garments, though these were always neat and clean; and were only allowed to enter his presence barefooted, with eyes cast down. No person durst look at him full in the face, and during the three prostrations which they were obliged to make before they could approach him, they pronounced these words: 'Lord! my Lord! sublime Lord!' Everything that was communicated to him was to be said in few words, the eyes of the speaker being constantly cast down, and on leaving the monarch's presence he walked backwards out of the room. I also remarked that even princes and other great personages who came to Mexico respecting law-suits, or on other business from the interior of the country, always took off their shoes, and changed their whole dress for one of a meaner appearance when they entered his palace. Neither were they allowed to enter the palace straightway, but had to show themselves for a considerable time outside the doors, as it would have been considered want of respect to the monarch if this had been omitted. Above 300 kinds of dishes were served up for Montecusuma's dinner from his kitchen, underneath which were placed pans of porcelain filled with fire, to keep them warm. 300 dishes of various kinds were served up for him alone, and above 1,000 for the persons in waiting. He sometimes, but very seldom, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, ordered the dinner himself, and desired that the best dishes and various kinds of birds should be called over to him. We were told that the flesh of young children, as a very dainty bit, was also set before him sometimes by way of a relish. Whether there was any truth in this we could not possibly discover, on account of the great variety of dishes: consisting in fowls, turkeys, pheasants, partridges, quails, tame and wild geese, venison, musk swine, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and of numerous



other birds and beasts; besides which there were various other kinds of provisions, indeed it would have been no easy task to call them all over by name. This I know, however, for certain, that after Cortes had reproached him for the human sacrifices and the eating of human flesh, he issued orders that no dishes of that nature should again be brought to his table. I will, however, drop this subject, and rather relate how the monarch was waited on while he sat at dinner. If the weather was cold, a large fire was made with a kind of charcoal made of the bark of trees, which emitted no smoke, but threw out a delicious perfume; and that his majesty might not feel any inconvenience from too great a heat, a screen was placed between his person and the fire, made of gold, and adorned with all manner of figures of their gods. The chair on which he sat was rather low, but supplied with soft cushions, and was beautifully carved; the table was very little higher than this, but perfectly corresponded with his seat. It was covered with white cloths, and one of a larger size. Four very neat and pretty young women held before the monarch a species of round pitcher, called by them *Xicales*, filled with water to wash his hands in. The water was caught in other vessels, and then the young women presented him with towels to dry his hands. Two other women brought him maise-bread baked with eggs. Before, however, Montecusuma began his dinner, a kind of wooden screen, strongly gilt, was placed before him, that no one might see him while eating, and the young women stood at a distance. Next four elderly men, of high rank, were admitted to his table: whom he addressed from time to time, or put some questions to them. Sometimes he would offer them a plate of some of his viands, which was considered a mark of great favour. These grey-headed old men, who were so highly honoured, were, as we subsequently learnt, his nearest relations, most trustworthy counsellors and chief-justices. Whenever he ordered any victuals to be presented then they eat it standing, in the deepest veneration, though without daring to look at him full in the face. The dishes in which the dinner was served up were of variegated and black porcelain, made at Cholulla. While the monarch was at table, his courtiers, and those who were in waiting in the halls adjoining, had to maintain strict silence. After the hot dishes had been removed, every kind of fruit which the country produced was set on the table; of which, however, Montecusuma ate very little. Every now and then was handed to him a golden pitcher filled with a kind of liquor made from the cacao, which is of a very exciting nature. Though we did not pay any particular attention to the circumstance

at the time, yet I saw about fifty large pitchers filled with the same liquor brought in all frothy. This beverage was also presented to the monarch by women, but all with the profoundest veneration."

#### POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We found in the *Athenaeum* some notices of the poets buried in Poets' corner.

The morning star of English verse, old Geoffrey Chaucer, was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, that is, *without* the building; but a poet and scholar of Oxford, by name Nicholas Brigham, removed his remains in 1555, to their present resting place, in the south cross aisle of the church, and erected the monument to the noble old poet, which we still see in Poets' Corner.

Spenser died in King-street, Westminster, on the 16th January, 1598-9, actually, we are told, "for lack of bread."

"He was buried," says Campbell, "according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer. Twenty years after his decease, Daniel's kind patroness, the Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription which the poet Mason transferred, in 1778, from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which still remains an exact imitation of the original.

The next great poet interred in Poets' Corner, was Francis Beaumont—

Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

The day of his death is unknown, but he was buried on the 9th March, 1615-16. He was only thirty years old when he died; and his epitaph was written by his elder brother, the poet of Bosworth Field:—

"Thou shouldst have followed me, but death, to blame,  
Miscounted years, and measured age by fame."

No "great heart" came forward to honour his memory in marble, and the associate of Fletcher still sleeps beneath a rude and nameless stone.

Drayton, who died in 1631, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner, for he lies, says Heylin, who was at his funeral, under the north wall, near a little door which opens to one of the prebendal houses. The same Countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument, bestowed a marble bust upon Michael Drayton, and Jonson or Quarles supplied that noble epitaph still half legible in Poets' Corner. In 1637 Ben Jonson followed his friend Drayton to the grave. Ben, too, was buried in Westminster Abbey, but not in Poets' Corner: why is unknown? He is buried in the north aisle of the nave, with this brief inscription to denote the spot: "O Rare Ben Jonson"—"which was donne," says Aubrey, "at the charge of Jack Young (afterwards

knighted), who walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it."

The next buried in Poets' Corner, was Thomas May (Secretary May), the translator of Lucan, and the Historian of the Long Parliament. But May was not allowed to lie too long in Poets' Corner. At the Restoration his body was taken up and thrown into a pit, dug for the purpose in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's.

At Chertsey, on the Thames, on the 28th July, 1667, died Abraham Cowley. The body of the great poet was brought by water from Chertsey to Whitehall. Evelyn was at his friend's funeral, and thus records the ceremony:—"3 Aug. 1667.—Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corps lay at Wallingford House, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses, and all funeral decency, were an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these all the wits of the towne, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer and neere Spenser. A goodly monument since erected to his memory."

In March, 1668, died at his official house in Scotland-yard, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill. He died mad, nor have we any account of his interment in Poets' Corner. He was buried, however, close to Cowley, whose "death and burial amongst the ancient poets," he has celebrated in one of the very best of his poems. Davenant followed Denham in less than a month, and was buried where May had been before. This circumstance is curious. At Jonson's death both Davenant and May were candidates for the vacant laurel. It was given to Davenant so much to May's mortification, that for this reason alone he was said, by the adverse party, to have sided with the Parliament against the King. Davenant was the patentee of the Duke's Theatre: and all his company, with Betterton at their head, attended his body to the grave. "He was buried in Westminster Abbey," says old Downes, the prompter, "near Mr. Chaucer's monument, our whole company attending his funeral."

Glorious John Dryden was the next great poet buried in Poets' Corner. A private burial in an adjoining churchyard was all that was at first intended, and the funeral procession was actually on its way to so obscure a grave, when it was interrupted, and strange as it may appear, actually put an end to. The chief movers in this extraordinary proceeding were the witty Earl of Dorset, and the second Lord Jefferys, the son of the notorious Judge Jefferys. The poet's body, at their request, was then conveyed to the house of Mr. Russel, a celebrated undertaker, for the purpose of embalment. From Mr. Russel's it was moved

to the College of Physicians, where it lay for ten days in state. The after-history of this second funeral is thus given in the papers of that period: "The corps of that great and witty poet, John Dryden, Esq., having lain in state for some time in the College of Physicians, was yesterday [18 May 1700] carried in great state to Westminster Abbey, where he was interred with Chaucer, Cowley, &c. But before he was removed from the College, Dr. Garth made an eloquent oration in Latin, in praise of the deceased; and the Ode of Horace, beginning *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*, set to mournful music, was sung there, with a concert of trumpets, hautboys, and other instruments. The corps was proceeded by several mourners on horseback; before the hearse went the music on foot, who made a very harmonious noise. The hearse was followed by twenty coaches, drawn by six horses, and twenty-four drawn by two horses each, most of them in mourning."

After this newspaper paragraph, the reader will not, perhaps, think Farquhar's Picture of the Funeral too highly coloured for the truth. "I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where he had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find, that we do not think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque; but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen." All this getting-up at the College was done by Dr. Garth, "The best good Christian, without knowing it," that Pope had ever known.

Nicholas Rowe, who died in King Street, Covent Garden, on the 16th of December, 1718, was the next poet of eminence interred in Poets' Corner. He was buried at night, in a grave "over against Chaucer," his friend, Dr. Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, reading the burial service. Another six months gone by, and Addison is buried in the same grave. This delightful writer died in Holland House, Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, from whence his body was conveyed to the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state.

Prior was the next, in point of time, interred in Poets' Corner. "It is my will," he says, "that I be buried privately in Westminster Abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the public employments I have borne. The inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busts expressed in marble by Coriveaux placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity, I will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside."

Congreve followed Prior, but the witty dramatist is buried not in Poet's Corner, but as far from kings and poets as he well could lie.

On the 4th of December, died Johnny Gay,—the simple and gentle-hearted Gay, who breathed his last at the Duke of Queensberry's, in Burlington Gardens, from whence we are told, "his body was brought by the Company of Upholders to Exeter Change, in the Strand; where, after lying in a very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse, trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horsemen, to Westminster Abbey.

The body of David Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, on the 1st of February, 1779, to Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, "where it was interred," says Davies, "under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare."

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend and pupil, Garrick, to the grave. "His funeral was attended," says Boswell, "by a respectable number of friends, particularly such of the members of the Literary Club as were in town; and was also honoured with the presence of several of the Reverend Chapter of Westminster.

The remains of Mr. Campbell were brought from Boulogne on Sunday week, and deposited two days after in a vault under the Jerusalem Chamber, preparatory to his interment in Poets' Corner on the following Wednesday. On that day the funeral took place. It was numerously attended. On the words being repeated we "commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes and dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin of their friend some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of the great Cosciusko.

#### MASSACRE OF THE CHINESE BY THE DUTCH.

The Dutch in their colonial dependencies, hoped, by security, to give stability to their empire. Their functionaries seem to have been much addicted to bloodshed on slight suspicion; one proof of this is affirmed by Mr. Davies in his third volume of the "History of Holland," which we copy beneath: "In 1740, at Batavia, the seat of the Dutch empire in the East, the discontent that had betrayed itself amongst the inhabitants, principally Chinese, against the government, gave rise to apprehensions that an insurrection was contemplated. Accordingly, all suspicious persons were expelled the city; but a considerable number remained in the outskirts, concerning whom information was given that they designed to surprise the town, and having massacred the Christians, to take possession of their

property. This intelligence was taken as confirmation of the suspicions before entertained by the government of their secret understanding with those within the walls; and the Chinese in the town were commanded to put out their lights at sunset, and not to look out of window, much less appear in the streets. After the lapse of some time the fugitives without advanced in a somewhat hostile manner to within reach of the artillery of the town, whence they were soon driven by the firing of a few rounds. But their appearance had a fatal effect on the destiny of their unhappy countrymen within. On the ground that they would not have ventured on such a demonstration without some encouragement from the latter, the soldiers and armed burghers, by the command, as they said, of the governor, Adrian Valkenier, broke into the houses of the defenceless Chinese, murdered the inhabitants, and pillaged all they could lay their hands on. Amid these horrors, fires, kindled, it was affirmed, by the sufferers in their desperation, broke out in various places; and had they not been promptly extinguished, the town, in a few hours, would have presented nothing but a mass of ruins. As it was, the spectacle of the half-burnt houses, bestrewn with the dead and dying, heaped together as they had offered themselves unresistingly to slaughter, or singly as they had fought the last agonizing struggle for life, was sufficiently appalling. The pillage continued two or three days before the hand of authority was interposed to arrest it. The Chinese in the suburbs were all either massacred or forced to take flight. By degrees order was restored, and those who had fled or concealed themselves were allowed to return and resume their avocations on condition of their submission to the government; and, extraordinary as it may appear, numbers were ready to avail themselves of the permission. The governor, Valkenier, was afterwards imprisoned."

#### CORRESPONDENTS.

K., Plymouth, we hope has heard from us.

Historical narratives of interest have always been welcome to the *Mirror*, but such hackneyed stories as have gone through every school-book will not suit its pages.

"Peter, T., M., K., and Angelina," are declined.

"B."—The "Wandering Jew" appears in the *Constitutionnel*. An occasional gratuitous supplement will be given, in order that our readers may have their usual quantity of miscellaneous matter.

We are sorry that a misunderstanding existed relative to our last number. No. 1. for the present vol., which contained four extra pages, ought to have been sold separate. It may now be had at the office.

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock street, Covent-garden, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.